

The Reporter Who Made a Story

By CAPTAIN LLOYD BUCHANAN

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Timothy O'Hara, assistant to the war correspondent of the New York Morning Post, sat flat down on the hill-top and chuckled. For two whole weeks his famous chief had been tossing about on a cot in the field hospital of the Black Hussars. The world was agog for any word of the floundering army and a scoop would make one famous down all Newspaper row. Yet here had the phlegmatic Britisher squatted panting in place since the day Macrae went down with the fever. Not a thing had happened in the fortnight beyond sniping on the outposts—until that morning, when a tremendous cannonade had been opened on the enemy's position. The Boers were replying with cheerful fury. There was a general idea that the English were going to commence their advance. Timothy viewed with joy the self-raised vision of the excited officer when his cable would arrive and even the city editor would stop work—and of the flaring headlines later, the leaded columns, the Post boys shrieking and the country's hearts beating beside their rolls and coffee over his "broken battalions" and "bloody heroes staggering into the captured trenches." He had had no opportunity to use these pet phrases since sailing from New York.

Entered on this dream of death and glory three peaceful men, khaki-clad and riding on spiritless horses. Timothy rose as he saw them. They were his rivals. On the left was Marklin, who made his name as a cub at Sedan.

"Hullo, Irish!" cried the great one from afar. "Got the makings?" Timothy duly searched his breeches pockets and procured a pouch, which he waved in answer. Marklin swung his charger towards the hill-top.

"It's too bad," he said cheerfully, as he rolled the cigarette.

"What?" asked Timothy.

"Buller's not going to go ahead, after all. His chief of staff just told us that positively no movement will be made at present. The old elephant's found a discarded idea and wants to bite the edges off it before he sticks his bloody head into the

Timothy thundered after him.

Jaws of the grateful Dutch again. We are on our way now to file a 'Tremendous Bombardment' and then spend a majestic evening at the mess of Her Majesty's Own First Remarkable Unstoppable Foot. Come on and join us."

A load sunk over Timothy's heart.

"Hell!" he said. "I thought I'd have a story at last."

"Never mind, young 'un," said the dean of the corps kindly. "It'll come. You'd better make merry with us tonight at the Remarkables."

The three rode amiably away. Timothy turned from the hill-top, cursing, and started for camp. There he routed out his servant to get his horse, and, swinging into the saddle, he trotted towards headquarters to look up final confirmation of Marklin's report.

As he was passing down the lines he saw an officer spurring towards the front. It was young Capt. Sheridan-Bedford, of the commanding general's staff. Timothy waved his hand. Sheridan-Bedford pulled up.

"All quiet?" asked Timothy, with the polite assurance of a man who had halved his last drink of whisky on a wet night with the man he addressed.

"Never ask an aide anything you want to find out," replied the other, with a wink. "I'm off to the Red brigade myself. The field telegraph to our right is out of shape." And he touched his horse's flanks and swung away again at a gallop.

Timothy sat for a moment revolving the reply in his head; then he wheeled sharply about. The captain was vanishing in a cloud of dust down the road. Timothy thundered after him.

For a space the two wound their way through the busy streets of the camp. The air was heavy with the smoke of the kitchens and alive with the rumble of wheels and the indescribable hum of thousands of unconnected tongues. Up and down the road passed columns of unkempt troops and wagons loaded with supplies. Now and then an ambulance rattled feverishly towards the front, or came steadily back from the front, bearing white-faced men roughly bandaged, or shapeless, covered bundles splashed with blood, about which the files clustered greedily. Then the captain turned to the

right and put off across the open reaches of country behind the line where the reserve of the firing line was fringed. Here the fields were stripped for action, cut only by trenches or the wheels of guns, and torn by bursting shell. Two miles the horses went parallel to the front; then they headed to the left again and cantered on the deserted slope.

It is the hand of God that puts a degree too much elevation in a smoking bore and that cuts a shrapnel fuse a second too long. But it was pity and not profanity that was in Timothy's curse when he raised his eyes painfully after the shrieking terror had passed, and saw Sheridan-Bedford stretched silent on the ground ahead. In a moment he was out of the saddle and his hand was at his companion's heart. A fragment of the shell had torn his breast and the blood was rushing out in dark spurts.

"You can't—help it," gasped the dying man. "I'm done. But—say—take this—message. The Boer—center—has pushed—too far ahead. The—left of it's—exposed. The Red—brigade—to charge. Understand?"

"Yes," said Timothy, and as he spoke a smile of thanks flitted over the face before him, and then, with a shudder, fled, and the English soldier had passed in the old English way he had learned at his public school, playing the game for the game's sake to the end.

The little New York reporter viewed him for a moment in silence. Then he pulled out his handkerchief and spread it over the dead face.

"He was a good sport," he said solemnly. And this, by the strange chance of war, was the requiem of the Hon. Philip Fitz Herbert Howard Sheridan-Bedford, captain in her majesty's army, beside the biers of whose people archbishops of Canterbury had prayed and royal knees had bowed in sorrow.

Nor was it a lengthy service. Timothy awoke himself together with a sigh and turned back for his horse. He had his foot already in the stirrup when a thought struck him and he stepped down again.

"By gad, that fat-head of a general won't believe me!" he said. "He's not going to take any orders from a Yankee civilian."

The Red Brigadier had a reputation for three things: propriety, a brain the size of a dried pea, and a courage as great as a furious bull's. He was newly come and his brigade, fat fed, fresh from England, was near weeping for a fight; but he would die in his tracks before taking orders from a war correspondent. The warm Irish heart in Timothy's breast swelled with sorrow at the thought. To his credit, the swelling was due no more to grief at his own loss of a tremendous story than to the thought of the wasted life before him, poured out in vain if the message failed.

And then there flashed on him a great idea. At first he repelled it with shame. But desire is a sweet master of logic and after a minute's swift weighing of chances he succumbed.

"I may hang for it," he remarked judicially. "But it's the one chance. The brigadier didn't know Bedford from a rabbit. And he'd want it, too," he added apologetically, stooping over and raising the handkerchief from the ashby face before him.

The Red Brigadier sat beneath his bomb-proof, in no amiable frame of mind. He was sick of lying helpless under a flight of screaming shrapnel, and seeing his men dropping away by ones and twos on stretchers to the rear. He wanted action. He wanted—

"Capt. Sheridan-Bedford, with orders from the commanding general, sir."

Capt. Sheridan-Bedford stood before him, a pale, hatchet-faced youngster in a badly fitting uniform, wet and torn about the chest.

"Well?" demanded the general sharply.

"Gen. Buller, says, sir, that the Boers have advanced their center too far. The flank is exposed. Your brigade is to charge."

"When?" demanded the Red Brigadier.

"You may charge when ready, sir," replied Capt. Sheridan-Bedford, his lips falling naturally into an oft-repeated saying of his people.

"Haven't you any further orders?"

"The general said to—use your best judgment, sir."

The brigadier rose, and, muttering to himself something about young idiots appointed by influence, made for the door.

Five hours later the British war office was thrilling with the bleak official report of the brilliant sacrifice of the Red Brigade and the consequent crumpling and ignominious flight of the Boer center. Weeping mothers were praying throughout England that their sons might be among the few who had been spared. Three raging correspondents, headed by Marklin, were storming about headquarters, searching vainly for particulars. Timothy O'Hara, in an undershirt and the breeches of a British staff captain, was feeding the middle of his first great brilliant scoop into the wire at Krogsdorp, trembling to know that the beginning was already ticking delighted wonder into the heart of the managing editor of the New York Morning Post. And out on the veldt, with the handkerchief blown from his face, and his slightest eyes fixed on the stars, lay the body of Capt. Sheridan-Bedford, stripped of his uniform even to his boots, and wrapped in a horse blanket, through which the blood from his breast had soaked in a stiff, damp stain.

SCHEMERS.

The world is a world of schemers. Who strive all their days for a chance to climb over the heads of their fellows. And the size of their fortunes enhance.

And they're not the persons to worry. If a trick on some other is played—If the game is not quite on the level. And a questionable dicker is made.

For all they can see is just money piled high in a glittering heap. They struggle all day for the dollars. And dream of the same in their sleep.

And, somehow, they seem to've forgotten. They're scheduled to die some day. And perhaps there will be an accounting. For the treasure they can't take away.

And, somehow, they seem to've forgotten. The faintest of prizes men hold. Are not to me had for mere money. And can not be purchased with gold.

He'll Find Out.

"Do you believe that alfalfa makes good cigars?"

"No, I don't believe it does; but I expect to find out."

"Going to try an alfalfa smoke?"

"I expect I shall. You know my wife always buys me some cigars on Christmas."

The Honeymoon Special.

Bride—Yes, there were six bridal parties on our train.

Old Chum—Well! Well! And tell me about that long, narrow tunnel through the mountains. Did you get through safely?

Bride—Oh, yes, we just squeezed through.

A Long Drink.

"Who drank up that barrel of pink lemonade?" asked the circus man on a hot day.

"Why, there was only a swallow," replied an attendant.

"Only a swallow?"

"Sure! I saw the giraffe take it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Couldn't Recover.

"What put you on the bum?"

"Doctors."

"Did they perform malpractice on you?"

"Indirectly. I lent Smith \$100 to pay for an operation, and it killed him."

EFFECT OF CONTRAST.

Cholly Lighthed—Do you think you could be comfortable on \$10,000 a year?

Miss Highbury—Yes, I believe I could, if the people next door hadn't more than \$9,000 a year.

Not Taking Chances.

I'd love to have my shoes shined up. 'Twould add a natty touch. But won't, because already it has rained too dogged much.

Neighboring.

Harkins had lived in his new home but a couple of weeks and scarcely knew his neighbors by sight at the time of his fire. On rushing out of the front door he found two of his neighbors already on the scene.

"I say," Harkins cried excitedly, "will you run to the corner and give the alarm?"

"Very sorry," explained the man, "but I have a wooden leg and can't run."

The other neighbor pressed forward.

"I say," said Harkins, turning to his new ally, "while I am getting the things out run over to the corner of the street and halloo 'Fire!'"

"I am suffering from laryngitis and can't halloo," said the other neighbor in a stage whisper.

There was not a moment to spare, but Harkins found time to turn to them and say politely:

"Suppose both of you go into the house and bring out easy chairs and sit down here and enjoy the blaze."

Tit-Bits.

Not by the Acre.

A farmer living in a wet and late district in the east of Scotland found times and seasons so against him that he decided not to renew his lease. Meeting his landlord the other day, he said:

"I can mak' nothing o' sic wat and sour land, and I'm no' goin' on wif, or I'll be ruined."

"Well, John, take time to think o't," said the landlord; "no doubt we'll be able to come to terms. I might let you have the farm at a reduction on the acre."

"Ah, laird," replied the farmer, "your land should be let by the gallon, no' by the acre!"—Tit-Bits.

Flyology.

The pesky fly makes you swear by crawling, crawling everywhere. He wipes his feet upon the bread, and creeps about your hairless head. Within the milk he takes a bath, and in the butter makes a path, and then he angers Mary Jane by speckling up the window pane, and mamma yells and baby squirms because he leaves these awful germs. Get out the sticky paper, quick, and make him goshawmighly sick!

IMPETUOUS BETTY

"News!" cried Betty, waving a telegram in the air. "A couple of Rob's college friends will be here to dinner. Thoughtful of him to let us know. It's a wonder he didn't let them pounce on us unannounced. Hum—Gerald Stanton and Rob Newman. Never saw them, have you?"

The girl addressed folded up her sewing and rose. They were sitting under the apple trees at their aunt's country house, where they were spending a few weeks.

"Do you realize that we have the meal to get, as aunt is away?" she asked, calmly. "It is now 11."

"Heavens, so we have!" Betty jumped up and pushed back her tangled hair. "Puzzle—find the chaperone!" she cried, and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen on a run.

"Don't tell me," she exclaimed, as the other entered, rising from the floor barrel into which she had pounced head first, "don't tell me Rob isn't thoughtful. A whole hour and a dinner to prepare for two unknown men. How much flour do I want for those biscuits?"

A few moments later the chug-chug of the expected auto sounded down the road. A roadster slowed down before the gate and one of the occupants appeared in the doorway. Betty met him, a smudge of flour on either cheek, sleeves rolled up to dimpled elbows.

"Just come in and make yourself at home," she said. "I'm awfully glad to see you—to see you both. Excuse my cousin and myself, won't you? We're scarcely presentable; we just got the telegram—and two hungry men to feed, you know!" She made a charming little gesture, and her eyes pleaded with him, running over with mirth and excitement.

He looked rather bewildered—hesitated. "Thank you," he said.

"Sit on the lawn, it's cooler," she suggested. "We'll be out soon."

They were. One could scarcely tell how they worked the miracle, but the dinner was ready, the table invitingly set; and themselves gowned in little muslins and very presentable.

Betty pounced on the spokesman of the party, who was what she termed "tall, dark and interesting," leaving the other man to her gentler cousin.

"You must be Gerald Stanton," she said. "Don't contradict me. I've always wanted to know him. I've heard my brother speak of him so much."

The fellow laughed as though hugely enjoying himself. He did not contradict her.

Her eyes challenged him mirthfully, her pretty white hands flew about in gestures like little white butterflies.

They talked merrily of football—of college. Once she questioned him about Rob and he threw back his head and laughed as though she had propounded a joke. He was charming when he laughed, at least Betty pronounced him so.

Anne, nearby with the other man, was also enjoying herself. Once she started up as if to speak to the others, but fell back at a pleading gesture from her companion, and entered a conversation, which evidently afforded them both much quiet amusement.

Later they went in to dinner; and it was a merry party that sat down.

"I'm sorry that aunt isn't here," said Betty with a smile that contradicted her words. "You see you didn't give us time to provide a chaperone."

A knock sounded at the door.

"Providence has supplied one," she announced solemnly, rising.

"Heavens! It's another man," as she caught sight of him through the hall.

"Do we want any sewing machines, Anne?"

He was a very presentable youth. A long dust-coat enveloped him; his hat swung easily in his hand.

"Is Mrs. Newton in?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but my aunt is away," replied Betty.

The man hesitated. I am Rob Newman," he said. "I thought Rob—were you not his sister?"

Betty leaned against the door. Out in the street was another machine. Her eyes were glued on it and its remaining occupant.

"Yes," she said faintly. "I—Rob Herrick is my brother."

The others had flocked out from the dining room.

"I hope," Anne was saying severely in her quiet voice. "I hope this will teach you a lesson, Betty. You never did get things straight."

"Forgive me," begged the supposed Gerald Stanton, coming to her side. "I just couldn't resist."

"You knew, Anne?" gasped Betty, turning to her cousin. She hesitated, and the dimples came out in her cheeks. "Why didn't you denounce them for impostors?" she said. "They might have gotten off with the silver," adding: "Do you know who they are?"

"No," replied Anne, "but I thought he—they looked honest"—she broke off, blushing furiously.

"She took us on faith," said the man at her side.

Betty collected herself, and turned to the bewildered fellow in the doorway. "Do get Mr. Stanton and come in," she said. "And you," turning to the others, "you may introduce yourselves and we will all have dinner."

A New Affliction.

Mythomania is the latest term applied to the propensity of patients to lie to doctors.

Club for Female Flyers.

France has an aeronautical club for women.

REAL HELP.

"Meier," whined the mendicant with the wooden leg, "can't you help a poor old sailor wot has had his leg bitten off by a shark?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the kind-hearted professor. "I believe I can, my poor man. Come around to the college."

After hobbling along for ten blocks the professor led the way through an iron gate and up to his study.

"Here you are, my poor man. Now don't say I never gave you anything."

The beggar almost toppled over with astonishment.

"What's that, sir?"

"Why, that's my latest book on 'Sharks and Their Ways.' If you have that book with you when you fall overboard next time you won't lose the other leg. You'll know just how to dodge them. Good day."

UNSATISFACTORY.



Dauber—There is a life size portrait I painted of Bluffer, but he refused to accept it.

Rauber—It seems to be a good likeness of him. What was the trouble?

Dauber—It's only about half as big as he thinks he is.

On Him.

She has a great big bonnet. So big it scares me, Gee! But I told her to get it. So it's on me.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

An elderly lady who was suing a railroad company for slight injuries sustained in an accident went to her lawyer's office one morning to learn of the progress of the case. The lawyer had notified the company of the action, and the latter agreed to compromise if the plaintiff would meet them half way.

When the lady sent her name in to the lawyer the office boy returned with the question:

"Mr. Breef wants to know what you'll take?"

"That's very considerate of Mr. Breef," replied the lady. "And, if it's all the same to him, I'll have a small glass of sherry."—Lippincott's.

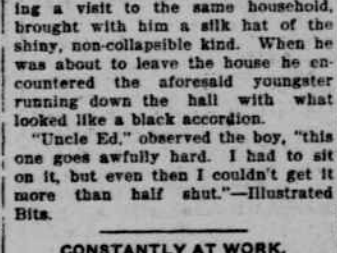
Poor Uncle Ed.

A man was recently showing his nice new opera hat to his little nephew, and when he caused the top-piece to spring open three or four times the youngster was delighted.

A few days thereafter the uncle, during a visit to the same household, brought with him a silk hat of the shiny, non-collapseable kind. When he was about to leave the house he encountered the aforesaid youngster running down the hall with what looked like a black accoridian.

"Uncle Ed," observed the boy, "this one goes awfully hard. I had to sit on it, but even then I couldn't get it more than half shut."—Illustrated Bits.

CONSTANTLY AT WORK.



Mr. H.—This is preserving time with women, isn't it?

Mrs. D.—Stupid man! Women are busy preserving all the year around.

Mr. H.—Indeed! What is there for them to preserve?

Mrs. D.—Their complexions, if there's nothing else.

Telephone Talks.

When you're away from home and try to get your dad or mother. And one leg gets all tired out. Stand awhile on the other.

A Fine Title.

A—Has Meier still the position of Koentlicher Preussischer Interimistischer Angestellter Wirklicher Vicekassenrechnerassistentenghilfe?

B—No, I think he has been advanced and his title has been shortened several syllables.

A Microbe.

"I frightened Kitty last night till she screamed."

"She told me she was afraid of microbes."

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TO EACH PURCHASER OF FIFTY CENTS WORTH OF OUR TEAS, COFFEES, BAKING POWDERS, EXTRACTS AND SPICES. THIS IS AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER, AND IS GOOD FOR THE WEEK ONLY.

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IONA PEAS, a can	8c	A&P CORN STARCH, 1 pound pkg.	5c
CRANBERRIES, a quart	10c	SMOKED SARDINES, a can	8c
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2 checks with jar A&P Smoked Beef, at	15c
2 checks with 1 pound Fig Newtons	15c
2 checks with 1 jar Jelly, at	15c
2 checks with 1 bottle A&P Ammonia, at	15c
2 checks with 2 pkgs. Alpha Pudding, at	15c
2 checks with 1 pkg. Seeded Raisins, at	15c
2 checks with 1 can Sultana Spice, at	15c

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Deliveries

Phoebe & Buckroe Tuesday.

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DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

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